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THE BATTLE

OF

CEDAR CREEK,

OCTOBER 19th, 1864.

Old Early camped at Fisher's Hill.
Resolved some Yankee blood to spill;
He chose his time when Phil. was gone,
The Yankee camp to fall upon.

Get out of the way says Gen. Early.
I've come to drive you from the valley.

At night, like thief, of sense bereft.
He marched his troops around our left,
With orders strict unto his boys,
To nothing take 't would make a noise.

While they were on their mission bent,
We Yanks were sleeping in our tents;
Until the Rebs with rousing volley.
Warned us to sleep was death and folly.

Get out, &c.

Old Early carried out his plan,
Surprising Crook and his command,
Who had not time their lines to form,
So sudden came the Rebel storm.

Now when the Eighth Corps all had run,
Old Early thought it jovial fun;
But Gen. Grover, (God bless his name),
Said he would help them play the game.

Get out, &c.

He formed a line the pike along,
To check old Early and his throng;
And here he held the Rebs at bay,
Till he was flanked from every way.

This gave the Sixth Corps time to form,
Who bravely faced the Rebel storm,
Till the Nineteenth Corps had time to rally
To stop the Rebels in the valley.

Get out, &c.

Now the Johnnies thought the victory won
And their usual pillaging begun;
Robbing the dead and wounded too,
As none but Southern bloods can do.

Now when the day was almost lost,
God sends a reinforcing host;
The host He sends is but a man,
But that's the noble Sheridan.

Now turn your tune says he to Early,
You've come too late to get the valley.

On, on he comes with lightning speed,
Crying, who hath done this awful deed;
He'd better fare 'neath southern skies,
Who dares my sleeping camp surprise.

Get out of the way, says Phil. to Early,
You've come too late to get the valley,

Ah! there another sound is heard,
And Liberty's the rallying word:
And every heart is filled with pride
To see their gallant leader ride.

Saying, form quick, and we'll the fight
renew,
And see what right with wrong can do;
By night we will our camp regain,
And vengeance have for those that's slain.

Then orders flew from left to right,
And glorious was the evening light;
The Rebels flew 'mid the canon's roar,
Losing all they had gained and thousands
more.